

Puck

Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-class Mail Matter



HIS IDEAL,

"Shake, William! Them's my sentiments, exactly. I never pay for anything I can get other people to pay for."



PUCK,

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

The subscription price of Puck is \$5.00 per year.

\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.

Payable in advance.

Kiepler & Schwarzmann,

Publishers and Proprietors.

Editor H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, August 3rd, 1892.—No. 804.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THIS SUMMER contributes a dark chapter to the history of America's domestic and social growth—black and gloomy pages, indeed, for patriotic Americans to read. In a sense, this country has never yet encountered a phase of social disorder so appalling as that which has been presented at Homestead. We have had labor riots before, and bad enough; we have known the work of the anarchist and of the wanton assassin; but lawlessness has never before shown us quite so determined and deliberate a face. The rioting in 1877 and in the later railroad strikes was more extensive; the Haymarket demonstration in Chicago was a more astounding outburst; and the devilish deed of Guiteau awoke an incomparably wide interest; but about each and all of these unhappy affairs there was some element, small or great, of chance, of accident, of irresponsible emotional excitement, or of unpremeditated passion, that in some slight measure veiled their horrible significance. The character and meaning of the things done at Homestead are more than we may blink. We must look them fully in the face and recognize them for what they are, and what they portend.

The Carnegie Company makes a reduction in the wages of certain of its employees. (Whether the reduction was necessary or not seems to be an open question.) The workmen refuse to accept the reduced wages, not as a matter of necessity, (the wages, even as reduced, are uncommonly large,) but as a matter of principle. All the workmen in the mills go on strike for a return to the old scale of wages for the laborers affected. The Company puts Mr. Frick in charge of its works, with instructions to carry on the business according to the new schedule. He barricades the works and fits them out with powerful and dangerous engines of defence. The strikers take possession of the works and refuse to yield them up to the Company's representatives. The Company attempts to re-take the works with hired guards. The strikers mob the guards, and men are killed and wounded on both sides. The Company calls on the Sheriff to enforce the law. He avows his inability. The Governor of the State orders out the militia, who take peaceable possession of the town, and guard the works while new workmen are installed. A tramp printer from New York, in no-wise concerned in the matter, seriously wounds Mr. Frick in an attempt to kill him. The man is an anarchist, probably the agent of an anarchist plot, and arrests of other anarchists follow his capture. A militia private insubordinately persists in expressions of sympathy with the assassin. He is summarily punished with severe physical pain and disgrace. The Company employs new workmen and announces that it will not reinstate those of its former employees who do not promptly return. The strikers stand firm; many enduring privation. And so, at this writing, the fight goes on; though its end seems clear beyond doubt or question.

And meanwhile the people of the whole country look on and talk, and shout, and deliver speeches, and offer advice, and make suggestions, and express opinions, and write editorials, and letters to the papers, and raise up to Heaven the roar of a great dissentient, discordant Babel of approval and disapproval, sympathy and prejudice, protest and encouragement; making altogether a most unprofitable, incomprehensible and futile noise. Listening to it, it is hard to believe that the still, calm voice of reason will ever again make itself heard to tell the lesson of all this suffering and trouble. Yet it *will* be heard, we make no doubt of that. The people are learning a lesson. They are learning it noisily and excitedly, with much vain expenditure of petulance and perversity; with a great deal of silly striving to show off what they think they know already. But they are getting it through their brainy American heads, all the same, and when the noise and confusion subside it will be surprising to find how much they have got clear in their minds that was misty before.

It is too soon, of course, to try to forecast what wider wisdom this trouble may reveal to Americans. But it is never too soon nor too late to remind ourselves that, like most troubles, it is a good deal of our own breeding. And, as we look over the brief list of the events which we have thus far had to chronicle, it does not require either a profound intellect or a long memory to see how some of them have grown directly

out of certain things which we Americans as a people have done, and ought not to have done, or out of certain other things which we ought to have done, and have left undone. There are a good many mistakes and neglects of which most of us have been guilty, in one way or another, at the bottom of this bad state of affairs: it will do no one harm to make memorandum of some of them.

There has been too much worshipping of wealth for wealth's sake in this country—too much willingness to bow down and worship a man because he is smart enough to pile up millions, without inquiring whether he has piled them up fairly or justly or honestly or decently. This has raised up a class of mean and brutal plutocrats, who have no human sympathy with the people. When the public takes an interest in a quarrel like this it has a right to know whether the man who is reducing the wages is a just man in his business, or only a rich tyrant.

There has been too much nonsensical coddling of the honest working-man. Other men are honest beside the working-man, and he is frequently as horny-headed as he is horny-handed. He seems to have got a notion that there is something particularly holy about him because he works with his hands; and that he is somehow better than a butcher or a book-keeper or a minister of the gospel or a dry-goods merchant; and that he can defy the law when he feels like it. This rubbish ought to be knocked out of him before society attends to any more of his requests.

There has been too much paltering with these rascally anarchists. Free speech is a good thing and a free press is a good thing; but inciting to murder and violence and incendiarism is n't freedom. It is crime—and it is folly to allow it.

There has been too much indulgence of that American nuisance—the Crank. The crank is neither an imbecile nor a maniac; he is a man who *can* control his extravagances and eccentricities, and who *will* control them if he knows that people will not tolerate his foolery. If he knows that as soon as he shows himself a crank he will lose his job, and put himself in danger of government restraint, he will keep himself straight. If we content ourselves with calling him a crank and smiling contemptuously at his vagaries, he will go on indulging his craving for notoriety until he kills someone. Don't laugh at the crank. He's no joke. Make him understand it.

There has been too much loose, incompetent, ignorant criticism of constituted authority. We may put it down for a pretty safe rule that, in nine cases out of ten, a man who has earned authority knows better how to exercise it than a private citizen who is willing to take the job of instructing him. The captain on the sea,—the officer in the field,—is and must be, a law unto himself. His authority should be complete and unquestionable, if it is to meet the measure of his responsibility. The thought of disobedience to his orders is a sin; actual disobedience, in word or deed, is a crime for which death is not too severe a penalty. That is the cornerstone of martial law and of the law of the high seas all the world over, wherever men are worth their salt. That law is hard; but it is hard on the one for the safety of the many: and it ought to be religiously respected.

There has been too much willingness to listen to a class of people whose blood boils with indignation when they see a policeman clubbing a drunken tough; and who manage to keep as cool as a water-butt on a north corner when that same tough assists six others in hammering a "scab" workman with paving-stones. They are very nice people, and they can beat the record writing letters to newspapers; but you will find, if one of them gets knocked down by a highwayman, that he wants to have that particular highwayman boiled in oil.

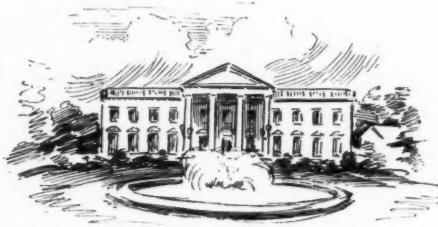
It can hurt none of us to remember these things oftener than we do. Perhaps we can sum up the most of our duty in setting down Law and Order as the first great good of the whole people; and in resolving to respect and maintain them, and, if necessary, to fight for them.

A PLAIN CASE.

EDITOR (to ARTIST).—I wish you would fix us up for Sunday a good strong cartoon about Mr. Cleveland and the Presidency, letting the probabilities of his election appear prominently.

ARTIST.—I think I'm on, sir. Good morning.

Next day he comes back with this:



EDITOR (after a careful study).—Well?

ARTIST.—Well, is n't that what you want?

EDITOR.—Of course not. This is no good. Where's Cleveland?

ARTIST (confidently).—Oh, he's in the White House!



A REASONABLE REQUEST.

MR. PITMAN (*of Peoria*).—My dear sir, you have saved my daughter from drowning, at the risk of your life—is there anything I can do to show my gratitude?

STRANGER.—Aw—you might—er—stop wearing a high hat—and a sack coat—aw—together.

THE EDITOR'S MAIL.

HE WAS opening the mail. The first was a poem designed for the Juvenile Department. He wrenched it flat and read it with a bang. "Oh, what rubbish!" remarked the editor wearily, as he turned it over and marked a great "G. B." on the back with a vicious blue pencil. The second was a note, as follows:

"DEAR SIR—

"Your epic poem, 'Columbus,' will be gladly accepted for the 'Pacific Magazine.' We enclose our check for \$1,000. Let us know if this is quite satisfactory. Accept our congratulations upon this exquisite and stirring masterpiece.

"Respectfully yours,

"EDITOR *Pacific Magazine*."

A broad smile suffused the proud poet-editor's face as he seized the next item.

It was a Juvenile Poem.

He read it with dancing eye and delighted soul.

"By Jove, we must have that!" he exclaimed. He turned it over to mark it "Acc."—and there was the fatal "G. B." but just now written.

Benjamin Webster.

QUITE A POWER.

"What ever impelled you to go so far into Masonry?"

"The goat."

ALL RIGHT.

WIFE.—My goodness! How did you lose your eye? Was it one of those horrid boys with an air gun? There is a law against—

HUSBAND.—No; this was all right and legal. It was a woman with an umbrella.

A CHECK MATE—The Stub.

POLITICAL ECONOMY—Beating down the Price of Votes.



THE POOR FARMER.

FARMER GREEN (*mournfully*).—No, Mum; we ain't a-goin' to hev no punkins this year.

MISS BORDEN.—Why not? isn't it a good year for pumpkins?

FARMER GREEN.—Yes, Mum; but we did n't plant any.

A SUMMER IDIOT.

I believe in the good old saying that says,
"You should give the devil his due;"
And the very first thing I'd give to him
Is the man who rocks a canoe.

IRRESPONSIBLE.

CAPTAIN.—Why did n't you shoot that mad dog I sent you to kill?

OFFICER (*saluting*).—The S. P. C. A. presented proofs that the poor beast was insane.

A DIFFERENT VIEW.

"My young friend," said the temperance worker to Glim, "don't you drink beer in the Winter to warm you up, and in Summer to cool you off?"

"Yes," replied Glim.

"Is n't that inconsistent?"

"Oh, no! It merely shows what a good all-round drink beer is."

LUCKY HIRED MAN.

"Your hired man has to work pretty hard to earn his wages."

"Not as hard as I have to work to be able to pay them."

QUITE PROBABLE.

TONSON.—What is the motto of the city of Chicago?

BIRCHALL.—I am not sure, but I think it is, "It's a poor wind that blows nobody good."

A MERE DIFFERENCE IN THE WAIST LINE, THAT IS ALL.



2,000 YEARS AGO.



THE PRESENT.

EXCUSE ENOUGH.

POLICE COMMISSIONER.—You are accused of having fallen asleep on your beat. What excuse have you to offer?

DELINQUENT COP.—Plaze, yer Hanner, iverybody on the beat had paid oop, an' dthere was no wan to watch.

AT LONG BRANCH.

MAUDE.—Don't you like to sit on the shore and watch the breakers?

ESTELLE.—Oh, yes! but I'd rather look through the billiard-room window and watch the brokers.

TWO FEARS.

SHE (*tremblingly*).—How am I to know that you are not marrying me for my money?

HE (*speciously*).—And how am I to know that you are not marrying me to reform me?

THE FIRST FALSE STEP.

"Did he show any predilection for a criminal career when he was a boy?"

"No; but he got in with evil companions. He used to pump the organ for a church choir."

SHE KNEW HIM TOO WELL.

YOUNG HUSBAND.—I want you to love and trust me, Mabel.

YOUNG WIFE.—I can love you, Charlie, but I can't trust you.

(*He had married his tailor's daughter.*)

AN "INCH OF RAIN" seems a good deal longer to the man who is caught in it without an umbrella.

BACKING WATER—The Temperance Crank.

The Runaway Browns.

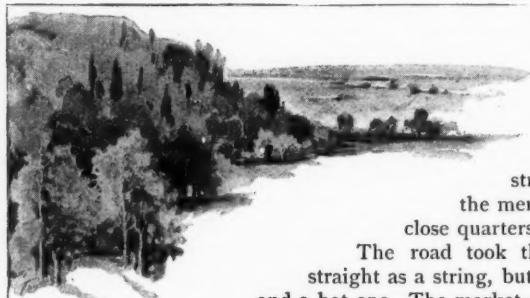
A Story of Small Stories

By H.C. Bunner.

(Begun in PUCK, No. 791, May 4th, 1892.)

CHAPTER XXV.

IT WAS but a little past four o'clock when Paul and Adèle slipped unnoticed from the scene of merriment in the Park, and found themselves alone with the market-gardens and the green hill. Far down the road Greenhill's one horse-car jingled merrily on its way back to the town, and



they saw that they would have to wait at least an hour before it would come back to pick them up. So they decided to

stroll on and examine the merit-card eminence at close quarters.

The road took them to the hill as straight as a string, but it was a long walk and a hot one. The market-gardens looked cool in their varying shades of green, but the sun has to be very low indeed, as Paul remarked, before beet-tops and lettuce-heads and tomato-vines cast a grateful shade. When they got to the hill they were quite warm, and so they set out to climb to the top to see if they could catch a breeze there. They found the breeze half-way up, and then, as they gazed down upon the market-gardens from the plain, that variegated expanse looked cool again.

But they knew well that the walk back would not be cool; and, as they reached the summit, the thought of the long, hot high-road far below them made them burst out in the simultaneous expression of two widely differing but equally natural wishes.

"I wish," cried Adèle, "that we did n't have to go back at all, but could just stay here and live."

"I wish I had a drink," said Paul.

The sound of a human snore fell upon their ears. They looked up and saw that both their wishes might be readily granted, for right in front of them was a large, weather-beaten sign:

GREENHILL SUMMIT HOUSE.

The sign was the largest thing about the house, which was perhaps as small a structure as ever did duty for a hostelry. It looked like a miscalculation for a bird-house—"just as though," Adèle suggested, "some liberal-minded carpenter had been told to build a home for a family of pelicans, and, never having seen a pelican, had misconceived the creature's size, and guessed roughly at something half-way between an eagle and a dodo."

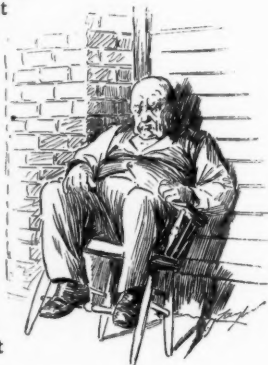
A sound of snoring came from the Summit House, although there seemed to be nobody inside. They looked in through the open door and saw a barroom not much larger than a butler's pantry. Back of this was a still smaller room with a bunk in the wall. The third room of the house was as big as the other two put together, and served as a kitchen and dining-room. All three were empty, and yet the snoring went on, heavy and regular, except when it was broken by an occasional, thick, asthmatic wheeze.

"Hi, there!" shouted Paul; "any one around?" But no answer came to him save the steady snore.

"It's almost uncanny," said his wife. "It's as though some one had left the ghost of a snore here."

"That's no ghost of a snore," said Paul; "that snore's alive, and I'll bet you a dollar it weighs two hundred pounds at the least. What's more, I'm going to find it."

He entered the house and carefully examined every room. Then he



went around the house; and presently he called to Adèle from behind the kitchen chimney. Adèle hastened around and found him gazing at a very fat man with enormous clean-shaven dewlaps hanging down like wattles from the gloomiest face that ever was put on a fat man. He was fast asleep, in his shirt sleeves, his wooden chair tilted back in the angle of the projecting chimney. In front of him was an untidy ash-heap picked out with tin cans and broken crockery. Beyond this were the tangled, scrubby woods of the hilltop. His back was against the house, and the house stood between him and the broad prospect of Greenhill's checkered plain, and the pretty town nestling in its far-off woods. It was a strange place to choose for a nap, the more so that the evening sun shone right in the fat man's face and brought the perspiration out in a sort of shining veil, all over his huge features.

"Wake up!" Paul called; but he might as well have called out to the chimney or the house. He had to shake the fat man violently before he could even get him to open his eyes, and then he only stared sleepily at his visitors, and said:

"What do you want?"

"We want something to drink," said Paul.

"Water, I suppose," said the fat man, in a dismal, despairing sort of way.

"No," said Paul; "lemonade, beer, ginger-ale, anything."

"Only two of you?" said the fat man.

"Only two."

"What's two drinks?" the fat man demanded, as though he were deeply impressed with the hollowness of life.

"Two drinks," Paul replied with decision, "is two drinks."

"That's so," assented the fat man, more cheerily, as he left his seat; "you ain't nobody's fool, be ye?"

He mopped his face with his shirt sleeve, and led the way around the house.

"Do you generally select that spot to take your afternoon nap?" Paul politely inquired.

The fat man said "Yes."

"I should n't think it was a very good place for custom," suggested Paul.

"T ain't," said the fat man; "ain't no custom."

"And then," remarked Adèle, dreamily, "you don't get the view; but I don't suppose you want the view when you're asleep?"

They were just coming around the corner of the house. The fat man stopped short, and shook his fat fist at the entire landscape spread out before him.

"I don't want that view," he cried savagely, "when I'm asleep nor when I'm awake; when I'm drunk, nor when I'm sober; nor no other time. Nor you would n't," he added, impressively, "if you was in my place."

"Why, what's the matter with it?" asked Paul.

"Matter!" said the fat man, with great solemnity. "Why, look there!"

He pointed with a gesture of tragic dignity to Mr. Skee's far distant Park, from which the tide of fashion was just beginning to set back toward the town. Between one and two hundred of Greenhill's fairest and bravest were stirring up a cloud of dust that shone like gold in the late sunlight.

"There!" said the fat man; "how would you like to set here day after day and watch that, and not have one of them monkeys ever set his foot on this here hill? No, nor nobody else," he continued bitterly; "exceptin' you two, and you don't look like real drinkin' folks. I ain't had a customer this week, and last week I did n't have nobody, only a total abstinence sewing-machine agent, who came here, by thunder, and give me a track headed 'Why Spoil Good Water?' Darned if he wer'n't crusadin' against root beer!"

The fat man brought his one table and his two chairs out from the kitchen, and his guests sat down by the front door and ordered lemonade and lager beer. It was evident that the resources of the house were not calculated to meet any great rush of custom. It took the fat man ten minutes of arduous search to find three shriveled and fly-specked lemons, which he assassinated with a clasp-knife for Adèle's lemonade; then he took his spade and began to dig in the earth in front of the house.

"Can't I have any beer?" asked Paul.

"You can," said the fat man, reassuringly, "just as soon as I dig it up. I can't afford to have no ice up here this weather, and I have to keep my beer cool the best way I can."

And after a few minutes of industrious digging, he disinterred a bottle of lager and gave it to Paul.

The fat man brightened up and became quite cheerful as he saw his



guests enjoying their beverages, and when Paul purchased two very dry cigars from him, and presented him with one, he came to the conclusion that life was worth living, after all, and turned suddenly talkative.

He told them all about himself and his affairs; and it seemed to afford him so much pleasure to do so that they had not the heart to stop him. His position was a peculiar one. The hill and the hotel belonged to a stock-company that was some day going to erect a great hotel on the hill-top, and run a switch-back railroad to the summit. As yet, however, they had got no further than to procure several valuable franchises, and it was to keep these alive that they had engaged the fat man to conduct the Summit House, paying him both salary and commission, so that he could neither evade the responsibility nor yet be his own master.



"If I hang on and they hang on," said the fat man, grimly, "we're both of us winners some day, sure; but whether we can hang on or not depends on how long we can buck against that place of Skee's down there. The company, they say it's pretty hard work paying my salary under these circumstances, but I tell 'em that payin' my salary ain't nothin' to the moral strain of settin' here day after day and seein' that man Skee gatherin' in his ill-gotten wealth while I'm wearin' my shirt-sleeves to save my coat."

They agreed with the fat man, whose name was Jepp, that his lot was certainly a hard one, and their assurances seemed to comfort him greatly.

"You're right," he said; "I knowed you'd say so. I seen discrimination in your face the minit I set eyes on you. Where might you be from, now?"

And to their surprise they found that Mr. Jepp seemed to take quite as much interest in them as he did in himself. He was not unduly inquisitive. He seemed to care more for their opinions, tastes and views in general; as though he were grateful for a treat in the way of intellectual companionship. They both found his conversation so soothing and agreeable that they hardly noticed how late it was getting, until the factory-whistles began to blow in Greenhill Plains. Then Paul said he was afraid they must start, or they would be late for supper at the Ontowasco House.

"Supper!" said the fat man, in astonishment. "My! you ain't figgerin' to get back to the Ontowasco House in time for supper, are you? How'll you do that?"

"Why," said Paul, "we thought we'd walk down and get the horse-car."

"The horse-car don't run no more after Mr. Skee's Park closes. Ain't been runnin' this hour."

"Dear me!" cried Adèle. "Oh, Paul, I can't walk all that way!"

"No, surely you can't," assented the man. "It's better than three miles from the foot of the hill."

"Can't we get a carriage?" inquired Paul.

"Carriage?" repeated the fat man, scornfully. "Why, my dear man alive, there ain't no carriage this side of Greenhill Plains! I'll tell you what, though—"

But he did not tell them what. He fell into a profound meditation, with his chin on his hand, raising his eyes occasionally to look from Paul to Adèle. Adèle had done her best to be a brave little girl so far, but sometimes small things are trying out of all proportion to their size, and the little woman who had borne a night in a river flood uncomplainingly, felt her lip beginning to quiver as she thought of the long walk over that dusty road, in the silent, lonesome, yearning, hungry twilight. Her eyes also began to get big, and to wink a little, but all she said as she stood and waited was:

"Oh, Paul!"

Paul hastened the current of Mr. Jepp's reflections.

"Look here," he said; "I have got to have a carriage or some sort of vehicle. You fix it for me, and I'll make it all right with you."

This is the American's password, his magic formula, in which he puts his whole faith and trust. There are hundreds of thousands of Americans at this very moment who are laying out to get into Paradise on that phrase.

Its effect upon St. Peter remains to be seen, but it was amply sufficient for Mr. Jepp. He pointed out that by the terms of his contract, and the franchises owned by the company, he was legally bound to keep the Summit House open every minute of the twenty-four hours, and that in consenting to go where his partners might see him, even though he left a substitute in his place, he incurred a risk of serious monetary loss. But when Paul showed a willingness to meet this danger half-way, Mr. Jepp said frankly that he could not forbear to act as one gentleman should

to another, and he would walk to Greenhill himself, and send a carriage out within an hour and a half—the Browns agreeing to keep the Summit House technically in full swing during his absence.

This cost Paul very nearly all the money that he had in his pocket, for the most of his two-hundred-and-fifty dollars was in the hotel safe. But then it would have been simply absurd to put a money value on the look which came into Adèle's face when she found that she did not have to walk back.

Mr. Jepp got into his coat, which was hanging in his bed-room, with remarkable agility for one so stout, and hastily gave Paul directions for the conduct of the establishment during his absence.

"There won't nobody come," he said, "except the boy with the milk; but in case anybody should, I might as well show you through the cemetery."

"The cemetery?" repeated Paul.

"Why, yes," said Mr. Jepp; "where the stuff's buried. See? Ginger ale," he continued, pointing to the ground with his foot, "lager, sasspreller, root-beer; but there ain't no use diggin' for the root-beer, 'cause we're out of it."

Here Mr. Jepp paused and looked doubtfully at Paul.

"And if you, personally," he said; "I ain't speaking for the general public, should want a little drop of anything more reachin' than slops, why I'll show you where to get it." And, leading Paul behind the bar, he discovered to him a small cupboard in whose depths lurked several uninviting bottles, each of which contained what might be called sample dregs of ardent spirits.

"There!" said Mr. Jepps, with so much pride that Paul could only thank and pity him.

"Make yourself free of everything," was Mr. Jepp's parting injunction; "the house is yours, and if your lady wants to lay down on my bed she'll find it clean and comfortable. If there's anything in the house you want to eat, why, it's yours. Make yourself right to home. But I'll be back inside of one hour and a half. Call it," he concluded, with an air of cautious speculation, "one hour and twenty minutes—me and the carriage."

He started down his winding way, and once more the Browns were left alone, and the cool shades of the evening began to settle down upon the sylvan gloom around them.

Adèle slipped her hand into Paul's. From far below them Mr. Jepp's voice rose with a cheerful ring.

"One hour," it said, "and twenty minutes."

CHAPTER XXVI.

For a while it was pleasant sitting up there with all the world at their feet. There is always something agreeable about being on a mountain top and feeling exalted above the rest of humanity. That is why we figure heaven as a place high up in the air, and why Bostonians live on Beacon Hill. Broken murmurs of the busy life below them came up, as they lay on the short, wiry grass under the gnarled trees, and watched the setting sun. Cows moored afar off, and their bells tinkled faintly. The thrushes were singing their evening song, which, with some thrushes at least, is quite different from their matinée performance, and particularly appropriate to the season; which has led me to believe that the thrush is rather a superior bird in his way.

But after a while it grew monotonous, and they began to speculate as to when the boy would arrive with the milk.

They had watched Mr. Jepp out of sight.

They had explored every nook and corner of the Summit House, and now there was nothing between them and utter mental stagnation, but the coming of the boy with that milk. It was a quarter of eight, and Mr. Jepp had been gone an hour and forty-five minutes when the boy appeared. He was a common-place boy with a freckled face, who did not look as surprised at seeing them as they somehow thought he ought to look.

"Where's he?" the boy inquired carelessly.

"Do you mean Mr. Jepp?" asked Paul.

"Yep," said the boy.

"Mr. Jepp," said Paul, "has gone to Greenhill Plains; he will be back shortly."

"No he won't," said the boy.

"What do you mean?" demanded Paul.

"Did he leave you here to take care of things till he came back?" the boy asked, in a decisive tone.



"Yes," replied Paul, rather faintly.
 "Then he won't come back till he's had his drunk out," said the boy. "He never does when he can get 'em to stay. Did he get any money out of you?"

"Some —" stammered Paul; "that is — well — four dollars —"

The boy whistled.

"That will keep him going 'most a week," he said, as he slung his empty milk-pail over his arm.

"But here, hold on!" cried Paul, for the boy was already starting off; "there must be some mistake about this. Are you sure? How do you know?"

"He's my dad," said the boy, as he moved out into the tangled hollow of the wood.

Paul was almost afraid to face Adèle with this piece of news; but she took it much more philosophically than he had any reason to expect she would.

"I'm sure it might be a great deal worse, Paul," she said. "The bed-room is perfectly nice and clean, for I've looked to see, and if we could find something for supper we should do very well.

If I could get something to eat, I think I could stand any thing; and really, do you know, Paul, I was getting very tired of the Ontowasco House. I was just thinking about it when you were talking to the boy."

"Adèle, you are an angel," said Paul.

"Nonsense!" said

Adèle, "though of course I am glad, dear, if you think so."

They investigated the larder of the Summit House with better results than they had dared to hope for, although these results were no more than ham and potatoes, and something that had aspirations in the way of being coffee. The sight of a couple of lonely, gawky hens, that looked as if they were trying to make up their minds to give over domesticated life altogether and adopt the profession of wild-fowl, suggested the possibility of eggs; and search under the bushes behind the house was rewarded with a couple in delightfully fresh condition. And as folks who have a ham-and-egg appetite and the ham-and-eggs to go with it are not in the least to be pitied, it was naturally enough two contented and happy Browns who stretched themselves out an hour or so later to watch the Summer moon climbing up the sky.

When a young couple can only look back on a courtship conducted in a Philadelphia seminary for young ladies, under what may be called circumstances of aggravated bread-and-butter and slate-pencil, mountaintops and Midsummer moonlight nights come in uncommonly handy, even if they are a little late. Paul lit his pipe, and they lay out in the white glare and looked up at the stars.

"They were very good, Paul," said Adèle, "and I am glad you liked them; but where was it that we had such delicious ones on our wedding trip?"

"At Saratoga, dear. Don't you remember? they were Saratoga chips?"

"Oh, yes!" said Adèle; "how stupid of me to forget it! I must learn to make those. Do you think I could?"

"Oh, you could learn to make anything!" said Paul, with perfect confidence.

May be you don't think that was romance. Well, you don't know; you simply don't know.

It was so much romance that they both started up almost guiltily, as a strange sound suddenly reached them from far down the mountain-side.

"Why, Paul!" cried Adèle; "it must be Mr. Jepp with the carriage. What shall we do? I don't want to go back to the Ontowasco House after making up that lovely bunk."

"Well, we'll tell him to go back," said Paul. "He can have our room at the Ontowasco House, and we'll swap with him. Perfectly simple."

The sound of wheels slowly drew nearer as the vehicle crawled up the mountain-side. At last it came to a place where the twisting and doubling road ran through a cleared spot, and here the Browns, looking down, saw that it was not a carriage, nor yet Mr. Jepp, but a ramshackle farm-wagon driven by a singularly lean man, with a weedy, long, goat-like beard. Adèle looked a little frightened.

"Who can it be, Paul?" she whispered.

"I don't know," replied Paul. "Some farmer going home, I suppose. I only hope he does n't want to stay here to-night, because —"

"Because what?" asked Adèle.

"Because he shan't."

But it looked as though their hospitality was to be put to the test, for when the stranger reached the summit of the hill, he hitched his horse, which was as ramshackle as the wagon, to a convenient tree, and slowly advanced toward them.

"Evenin'," said he.

"Good evening," said Paul.

"Seasonable night," said the stranger. "Jepp around?"

"Mr. Jepp," said Paul, "is in Greenhill Plains."

"Yes," said the stranger, reflectively; "yes, I seen him there. Fuller 'n a tick."

"May I ask," inquired Paul, "if it is customary for Mr. Jepp to get intoxicated?"

"Oh, yes!" said the stranger; "quite so."

He still stroked his beard, while his eyes wandered vacantly around. "Quite so," he repeated reflectively; "quite so."

Paul grew impatient.

"Can I do anything for you?" he said at last. "I am in charge here during Mr. Jepp's absence. I am sorry I can't put you up, as the accommodations of the establishment are rather limited; and I can't give you any supper, for my wife and I have eaten all there was; but anything else that I can do for you —"

"I'm going home," said the man with the beard, "and I don't want no supper." Still he stood in a doubtful, uneasy sort of way, as though he wanted something and did n't care to mention it.

"Is there anything you'd like to drink?" inquired Paul. There is some nice, cool ginger ale."

The strange man pulled at his beard in an agony of indecision. At last he spoke.

"I'll take a cocktail," he said.

"I am afraid," began Paul — but the stranger raised a pair of mournful eyes toward heaven.

"I could n't take nothing only a cocktail," he said. "I feel a kind of goneness here." He laid his hand upon his stomach, and Paul perceived that he did, indeed, look faint and pale, and appeared to be suffering.

"I hate to do it," he said sadly, as though he were speaking to himself.

Paul felt his sympathies aroused. "I'll do what I can, sir," he said; "but I'm afraid this is not the place to come to for a very good cocktail. However, if you feel faint, I suppose the liquor will do you good, any way."

He started for the bar, but the man held out a hand as if to detain him.

"No; don't," he said, and then he checked himself as suddenly.

"Yes," he said; "go ahead, I'll take it."

Paul went behind the bar and lit the kerosene lamp. There he was joined by Adèle.

"Paul," said she, "that man is deceiving you. I know it."

"How do you know?" asked Paul.

"Because I saw his expression as soon as he saw you go in here. Paul, I don't believe he's got any more stomach-ache than you or I have."

"Hush, my dear," said Paul, for the man had already followed them in, and was standing by the doorway.

"I don't care, dear," said his wife; "I'm right; you'll see if I'm not. That man's a humbug and a hypocrite. You may trust a woman's instinct. I'm perfectly certain of it."

Now, there are few harder moments in a

man's life than the moment when his wife tells him that another man in whom he has trusted is abusing his confidence. It is a moment that has been too much for the good sense and discretion of experienced and middle-aged men, long past hugging the delusions of their youth; and that it should move a comparatively green youngster to indiscretion is not to be wondered at. Paul

looked in angry doubt at the dark figure by the door, and thought he could detect something deceitful and dishonest in the very turn of the stranger's head. He felt all the irritation of the honest man, who takes his drink and sees no harm in it, for the man who takes it in violation of his own principles. And, just as a sense of this feeling came over him, temptation in its most trying form put itself in his way. For I take it that no American is more keenly tempted than when the spirit of revenge and his sense of humor work together. Paul's eye had fallen upon a bottle labeled "benzene."



"By thunder!" he said to himself; "that fellow shall have a cocktail, and he shall not forget it in a hurry, either."

"There," he said, pushing across the counter the drink he had mixed, and his gorge rose as he saw the stranger come forward and continue his curious pantomime of hesitancy.

"What a humbug!" thought Paul; "and all that nonsense for the benefit of two people who don't care a stiver what he drinks, or how he drinks it."

The stranger came up to the bar in a doubtful, nervous way, as though even yet he had not made up his mind, and Paul gave the drink a final, disgusted shove. This seemed to decide him. He pushed back a coin to Paul, and Paul slung it contemptuously into the till. The man grasped his glass and drained it at one draught. Then an expression of horror came over his face—an expression of horror which Paul never forgot to his dying day. The expression of horror was succeeded by one of profound doubt and wonderment. Then the man smelt of his glass, then he lifted the flap of his old-fashioned frock coat and smelt of that; and Paul knew that his sin had found him out; and that whatever that man knew about cocktails, he knew benzine when he smelt it. He stood almost paralyzed while the stranger walked solemnly around the bar, peered into the little cupboard, found the benzine bottle, examined the label, and then straightened himself up with a sigh of satisfaction. All trace of hesitancy had disappeared from the countenance of the man with the goat-like beard. He looked at Paul for one moment with an expression of withering calm.

"I did n't mean to," he said, "but I don't mind doing it now. Young man, I'm the Sheriff of North Greenhill County, and I arrest you for selling liquor without a license."

(To be continued.)

"ALL UP!"

Once fluttering from her dainty waist
The sash flew in long-enders;
Those ends she now has gathered up,
And proudly wears "suspenders!"



COULD N'T AFFORD THEM.

MRS. WALTON.—Why don't you bring home some trout occasionally, instead of these common catfish and flounders?

WALTON (*amateur fisherman*).—That's just you, Mrs. Extravagance! Perhaps you don't know that trout are worth a dollar a pound!



HIS MENTAL SCREEN.

He said: "I always hold a screen
Myself and the rude world between,
That none may know me, all in all."

As he the boastful words let fall,
I thought, and at myself did wink—
"That screen of yours is lower than
You know, or some of us, young man,
Are rather taller than you think!"

Madeline S. Bridges.

GETTING EVEN.

DRESSMAKER.—But, my dear sir, this is not a tailor-shop; you have probably made a mistake.

DOBBLE.—No mistake about it. Don't you make Mrs. Dobbie's dresses?

DRESSMAKER.—Yes.

DOBBLE.—Well, I want you to put pockets in this suit like those you make for her. I believe in equal rights, I do.

WHAT IT IS.

SHE.—Do you summer in the country?

HE.—No; I simmer in the city.



AND HE DUSTED.

"Any dusters to-day, sir?"

"No, my son; no dust!"

FICKLE SHE.

HE.—Were you never shot by Cupid's darts?

SHE.—Was I? He got nine bullseyes on me the first week last season at Nantasket.

A LARGE CONTRACT.

STANBY.—Miss Triller has n't favored us with any music this evening. I'm going to make her sing.

OLD MR. TRILLER.—I'll make it worth your while if you will, young man. It's more than that Italian professor I've subsidized can do.

OBVIOUS.

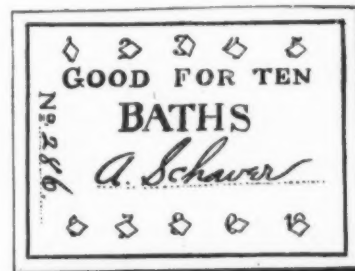
"Got a new baby at your house, I hear."

NUPOP.—Yep.

"Take after you?"

NUPOP.—It's a girl; takes after its mother.

A CLEAN RECORD.



WHEN FINGERS are used as a drink measure, it is no wonder that so much money slips through them.



THE LAST R
DRAWN BY PUCK'S PATENT M



J. Ottmann Lith. Co. Puck Bldg. N.Y.

THE FOREIGNER'S APPEAL TO THE G. O. P.

A NEW VIEW OF THE OLD MAXIM: "NO TAXATION WITHOUT REPRESENTATION."

GREAT PARTY! whose high duty Heaven has made
The keeping of America's great nation.
Since by the tariff on your imports laid,
I'm taxed, where is my "just representation?"
What of that long time-honored maxim which
Your forebears to a foreign King did quote,
Who taxed them his own treasury to enrich—
If I must pay your taxes, where's my vote?

'T is I, you say, who pays the tariff tax,
Which else, would cut down what your workmen earn;
But, surely, such unselfish conduct smacks
Of goodness that deserves a fair return!
When your protected workmen go on strike,
And you've no wages for a time to pay,
And need no tariff taxes, and the like—
Can't you remit the duty on me, pray?

J. P. F.

WOMAN'S WAYS.



Why does she wear a hat like
this in the broiling sun?—



—And a hat like this in the
theatre?

A HORRIBLE CRIME.

JUDGE STUFFY.—What is the charge against this clergyman?

ROUNDSMAN O'TOOLE.—Blasphemy, yer Honor. He pr'ached
ag'in' Tammany.

A FEW YEARS HENCE.

SAIDSO.—What is the Amalgamated Chairbottomers' Association boycotting the public schools for?

HERDSO.—They want an item in one of the text books changed.

SAIDSO.—In what particular?

HERDSO.—They want it to read: "48 seconds make one minute."

COUNT PARESI.—What you call ze—ze walking delegate may not be areestocrat, but he hav' ze gran' courage, ze conception of honneur!

JACK WAITE.—What makes you think so?

COUNT PARESI.—I read in zis papier zat he did call out all ze men in zeex factories!

FOGGS.—Do you think a politician can be a Christian?

BOGGS.—Certainly; look at the Rev. Tommy Dixon.

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF —
Hillium fut.



NOT LOADED.

CONDUCTOR.—You'll have to pay full fare for that boy.

PASSENGER.—Oh, come now, Cap! I'll pay full fare f m'self, but th' kid ain't full.

THEORY AND PRACTICE.

MR. BAGGIE.—Confound that tailor! These trousers are a mile too long.

MRS. BAGGIE.—How much shall I turn them up?

MR. BAGGIE.—About half an inch.

NATURE is inconsistent, to say the least, when she produces an apple-tree, and then loads it so bountifully with fruit that, to prevent their breaking, man has to prop up the limbs with poles.

IN THE bright lexicon of matrimony, the base-ball player is not always a good catch.

THE "GRASS WIDOW" would seem to be a woman all for lawn.

WHEN THE Republican heeler capers gracefully through a Rhode Island calico mill, the most near-sighted kind of a man does not have to don his spectacles to differentiate the laborers who have and who have not the right to vote.

THE CAT has nine lives; but that is nothing to the number of lives of the presidential candidate that are sold by subscription during the campaign.

IF THE New York Sun and World were ninety-five million miles apart, like their namesakes, a big share of the fun of this nation would be eclipsed.

ANGLOMANIAC.—Kipling will be read after every American author is forgotten.

PLAIN AMERICAN.—Possibly; but is n't that a long time to wait?



MATCHED AND MATED.

* ARTIST.—There! Is n't that great?

EDITOR *Everlasting Magazine*.—But there's nothing to it; I don't understand it.

ARTIST.—Of course you don't. No one can. It's a dialect drawing to go with one of your stories.



ONE WAY OF DOING IT.
COUNTRY TRAVELING IN THE PARK.

A MEAN ADVANTAGE.

"Chatterton played a mean trick on his wife while she was at the seashore."

"How was that?"

"He taught the parrot to scream: 'You talk too much!'"

CONSOLATION.

He sent her back her letters
And the gifts he'd had galore;
They'd broken the engagement,
And he was hers no more.

Her tears fell o'er the packet;
But she dried them right away,
When she found those cute suspenders
She had sent him Christmas Day.

Alice E. Ives.



A MAN OF PARTS.

WESTERN MAN.—That's Judge Boomshaker—he's got the greatest record of any man on the Nebraska bench.

EASTERN MAN.—For learned and forcible decisions, I presume?

WESTERN MAN.—You bet!—he granted 111 divorces in 150 minutes, by the watch!

WOMAN.

A woman won't believe you more than half the time,
Not her father, not her mother,
Not her husband, not her brother,
And she half suspects the parson of the lying crime.
She is up to snuff like blazes,
So the fact the more amazes,
That what a peddler tells her is of truth the most sublime.

J. B. G.

YELLOW LITERATURE.

MISS ERNESTINA POORKAWS.—I want some books for my Chinese Sunday-school class. Good moral stories; nothing wishy-washy.

BOOK CLERK.—Something washy-washy, I suppose?

AUNT PAULINE (from the country).—No, Sarah; I hope you'll never marry that young Mr. Instyle. Why, he's too lazy to black his shoes! Jest look at 'em—all yaller!

SARAH.—Why, Aunty! those are russet shoes.

AUNT PAULINE.—More shame for him to let 'em git rusted.



"THE CROQUET GIRL IS COMING BACK."
(DAILY PAPERS.)

THE LAWN TENNIS CHAMPION.—We will fight it out on this line if it takes all Summer!

FOUNDED ON EXPERIENCE.

HARRY.—I've come to believe the Summer Girl has a heart of stone.

JACK.—Nonsense! It's India rubber—melts in Summer and hardens in Winter.

THE VOICE OF THE SERPENT.

LEADING LADY.—I have made it a rule not to act in a theatre where they use the calcium lights.

ANOTHER LEADING LADY.—I don't blame you; hissing is so contagious.

UNNECESSARY REPETITION.

"You were on the boat during the storm, eh? I suppose the waves dashed pretty high."

"Yes; they dashed — high."

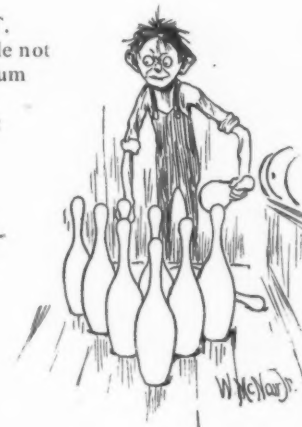
FIN DE SIÈCLE—"In Lighter Vein."

A GREEN GROCER—The One who Trusts.

A GUARD OF HONOR—Conscience.

THE HANDLE to our name is the thing by which Pride lifts us up.

THE SOLDIER seeks glory at the cannon's mouth, but the politician relies on the roaring of his own.

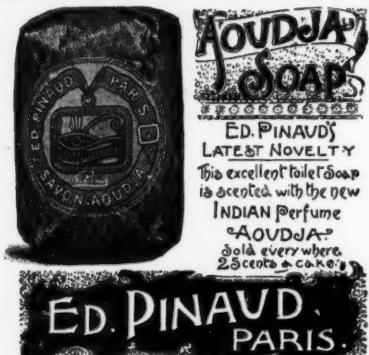


AN ALLEY B'Y.

THE CELEBRATED SOHMER PIANOS

Are at Present the Most Popular and Preferred by Leading Artists
Warerooms: 149, 151, 153, 155 E. 14th St., N. Y.

SOHMER & CO.
CHICAGO, ILL., Cor. Wabash Ave. & Jackson St.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., 808 to 814 Post Street.
KANSAS CITY, MO., 1128 Main Street.



**Unlike the Dutch Process
No Alkalies**



Other Chemicals

are used in the
preparation of

**W. BAKER & CO.'S
Breakfast Cocoa**

which is absolutely
pure and soluble.

It has more than three times
the strength of Cocoa mixed
with Starch, Arrowroot or
Sugar, and is far more eco-
nomical, costing less than one cent a cup.
It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY
DIGESTED.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.



WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP

For the Skin, Scalp and Complexion. The
result of 30 years' experience. For sale at
Druggists or sent by mail, 50c. A Sample
Cake and 128 page Book on Dermatology and
Beauty, illustrated, on Skin, Scalp, Nervous
and Blood Diseases and their treatment, sent
sealed on receipt of 10c. also Disfigure-
ments like Birth Marks, Moles, Warts, India Ink
and Powder Marks, Scars, Pimples, Redness of
Nose, Superfluous Hair, Fimples, &c., removed.

JOHN H. WOODBURY, DERMATOLOGICAL INSTITUTE,
125 West 42nd Street, New York City.
Consultation free, at office or by letter. Open 9 a.m. to 8 p.m.

PRUDENCE is a plume dropped from the wing of some
past folly.—*Texas Siftings.*

14 Styles and
Sizes for
1892.

PRICES:

\$6.00
to
\$65.00.

KODAK

Late
Improvements

INCLUDE THE
Barker Shutter,
Automatic Counter
on Roll Holder,
AND
Glass Plate
Attachment.

Send for
Circulars.

Eastman
Kodak Co.
Rochester,
N. Y.

THERE are people in the church wear long
faces because they are afraid they would n't be
considered religious if they did n't.—*Ram's
Horn.*

IN some parts of the country the English language must
be very sick—at least our mother tongue is badly quoted.
—*Texas Siftings.*

THE end-man in a minstrel show can tell a
joke as well as the next man.—*Yonkers States-
man.*

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING
SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums,
allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhea. 25 cents a bottle.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS EXPOSITION, 1889.

THE MOST PERFECT OF PENS.

The Name but not the Brain.

"Napoleon I," says Mr. Gladstone, "had the greatest
brain that was ever put inside of a human skull." No
doubt; but not all the men who have been named after him
have succeeded to his genius.

To copy a name or a fashion is easy; to create the name
or the fashion is hard. For example, take the numerous
so-called extracts of beef we see or hear of; only one holds
its place and grows in favor,—namely, the original Liebig
Company's Extract of Beef. The sales of this admirable
food product for the past year show, as we should expect,
a notable increase. Cheap competition has not impaired
the popularity of the Liebig Company's preparation, be-
cause the public does not believe in things which are mani-
festly made to sell on the reputation of others,—little boys
that "cut behind" in business.

Next, people have learned that the Liebig Company's
Extract is chiefly meant for daily use in the kitchen, not
for the sick room only. It is the leader among the partially
digested foods because it does just enough for the stomach
—not too much. It is prepared from the best parts of
cattle bred on purpose, not from what is left after the best
has been otherwise disposed of. The manufacture of the
Liebig Company's Extract of Beef is a business, not an
appendix to a business. But the nominal Napoleons are
fussy and persistent. Therefore let the buyer ask questions
and examine trademark and label.

Solid Trains between NEW YORK AND CHICAGO,



Via Chautauqua Lake or Niagara
Falls. An enchanting Panorama of
mountains, forests and streams.

Pullman Cars

Between New York and Rochester,
Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Toronto,
Chautauqua Lake, Cleveland, Cin-
cinnati and Chicago.

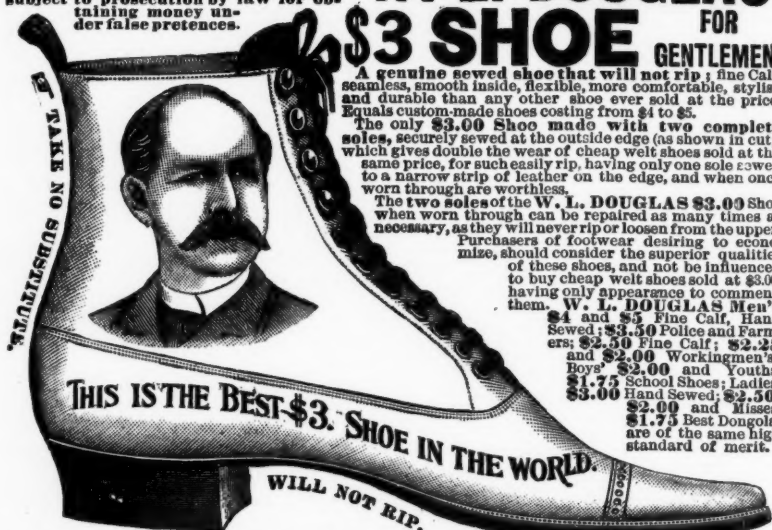
D. I. Roberts, Gen'l Pass. Agt.

A FOOLISH girl can make a lover a husband, but
it takes a bright woman to keep a husband a
lover.—*Atchison Globe.*

THE sins that shine are the ones that have
poison in them.—*Ram's Horn.*

GRAMMAR—Criminals and judges differ widely in regard
to the length of sentences.—*Texas Siftings.*

CAUTION.—Beware of dealers sub-
stituting shoes without W. L. Douglas
name and the price stamped on bottom.
Such substitutions are fraudulent and
subject to prosecution by law for ob-
taining money under false pretences.



Will give exclusive sale to shoe dealers and general merchants where I have
no agents. Write for catalogue. If not for sale in your place send direct to Factory,
stating kind, size and width wanted. Postage free. W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.

CHAFING,
PRICKLY-HEAT,
Perspiration,
Speedily Relieved by

PACKER'S Tar Soap.



No. 4711.

EAU DE COLOGNE

Undoubtedly the finest and
most refreshing perfume.
Imported into the United States
for over fifty years.

U. S. AGENTS,
MÜLHENS & KROPFF,
NEW YORK.

INSTANTANEOUS CHOCOLATE

THE GREATEST INVENTION
EVERY OF THE AGE HAVE IT.
EVERY FAMILY SHOULD HAVE IT.
POWDERED. AND PUT IN ONE POUND TIN CANS.
75¢ PER CAN.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON,
INVENTORS AND SOLE MANFS. PHILADELPHIA.

CARL UPMANN'S BOUQUET CIGAR.



BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

America's Favorite Ten-cent Cigar.

FOR SALE BY FIRST-CLASS DEALERS EVERYWHERE.
Factory, 406 & 408 E. 59th St., New York.

OLD CLOTHES MADE NEW. We clean or dye
the most delicate
shade or fabric. No ripping required.
Repair to order. Write for terms. We pay expressage both
ways in point in the U. S. McEwen's Steam Dye Works and Clean-
ing Establishment, Nashville, Tenn. 57 MENTION FUCH. 134

LYON & HEALY,
154 to 166 State St., Chicago.
Will Mail Free their newly enlarged
Catalogue of Band Instruments, Uni-
forms and Equipments, 400 Fine Il-
lustrations, describing every article
required by Bands or Drum Corps.
Contains Instructions for Amateur Bands,
Exercises and Drum Major's Tactics, By-
Laws and a Selected List of Band Music.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.

A genuine sewed shoe that will not rip; fine calf,
seamless, smooth inside, flexible, more comfortable, stylish
and durable than any other shoe ever sold at the price.
Equals custom-made shoes costing from \$4 to \$5.

The only \$3.00 shoe made with two complete
soles, securely sewed at the outside edge (as shown in cut),
which gives double the wear of cheap welt shoes sold at the
same price, for such easily rip, having only one sole sewed
to a narrow strip of leather on the edge, and when once
worn through are worthless.

The two soles of the W. L. DOUGLAS \$3.00 shoe
when worn through can be repaired as many times as
necessary, as they will never rip or loosen from the upper.
Purchasers of footwear desiring to economize,
should consider the superior qualities
of these shoes, and not be influenced
to buy cheap welt shoes sold at \$3.00,
having only appearance to commend
them.

W. L. DOUGLAS Men's
\$4 and \$5 Fine Calf, Hand
Sewed: \$3.50 Police and Farm-
ers; \$2.50 Fine Calf; \$2.25
and \$2.00 Workingmen's;
Boys' \$2.00 and Youths'
\$1.75 School Shoes; Ladies'
\$3.00 Hand Sewed; \$2.50,
\$2.00 and Misses'
\$1.75 Best Dongola,
are of the same high
standard of merit.

The Runaway Browns.

A Story of Small Stories
By H.C. Bunner.

[AUTHOR OF "SHORT SIXES."]

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES JAY TAYLOR.

This delightful story, by Mr. H. C. BUNNER, the Editor of PUCK, which has been running in this paper during the past three months, will be published in book form, as the first volume of "PUCK'S MULBERRY SERIES," in which PUCK'S STORIES, the brightest of humorous fiction, will hereafter be published. It will be out and for sale August 10th.

There will be a Cloth Edition and a Paper Edition of "THE RUNAWAY BROWNS," both bound in attractive covers, with a novel Mulberry design.

Price of Cloth Edition, One Dollar; of Paper Edition, Fifty Cents. All Booksellers.

By mail from the publishers on receipt of price.

Address: PUCK, N. Y.



AUTOMATIC-REEL.

It will wind up the line a hundred times as fast as any other reel in the world. It will wind up the line slowly. No fish can ever get slack line with it. It will save more fish than any other reel. SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

Manipulated entirely by the hand that holds the rod.

YAWMAN & ERBE, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

CANDY

Send \$1.25, \$2.50, or \$5.00 for a superb box of candy by express, prepaid, east of Denver or west of New York. Suitable for presents. Sample orders solicited. Address,

C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,
212 State St., Chicago.

A WOMAN always looks under the bed for a man. A man goes out between the acts to look for him.—*Texas Siftings.*

WHY under the sun should a girl who has spent three years courting in the dark get two dozen lamps among her wedding presents?—*Yonkers Statesman.*

IF THE sinner were never respectable, sin would not be dangerous.—*Ram's Horn.*

THE man who never attempts to sing at any other time will break out in a picnic wagon.—*Atchison Globe.*

THE man who would rather be right than be President, is often neither.—*Texas Siftings.*

Angostura Bitters, endorsed by physicians and chemists for purity and wholesomeness. Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons, sole manufacturers. Ask your druggist.

THE DELICIOUS

Fragrance, refreshing coolness, and soft beauty imparted to the skin by Pozzoni's Powder commend it to all ladies.

WHEEL CHAIRS

for INVALIDS

To propel one's self, or comfortably, easily and Catalogue with cut sizes sent for stamp, to



and CRIPPLES.

to be pushed about in, of the reliable sort. prices of all styles and any given address.

SMITH WHEEL CHAIR CONCERN, 120 William St., New York.
Mention Puck in your letter when you write.

BUSINESS

Bicycle Dealer:—A bicycle will be better for you than a horse. It doesn't eat anything.
Frugal Merchant:—(not entirely convinced)—No, it won't eat anything, but I'm afraid it'll give me a thundering big appetite.—*Chicago Tribune.*

The moral is yours—so's a Columbia bicycle—Business men, the Pope Mfg. Co. offer you health and happiness, clear headedness, renovated money-making brains—221 Columbus Ave., Boston.

THE man who makes the right kind of a prayer for a corn crop is the one who does all he can to keep down the weeds with plow and hoe.—*Ram's Horn.*

WATCH

POCKET \$1.00 LAMP.

Exact watch size. Nickel-Plated and Engraved. Strong & durable. 1000 LIGHTS. 1,000 extra lights, 10c. A boon to everybody.



Agents Wanted

MANUFACTURED BY
FOLMER & SCHWING M'FG CO.,
391 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
For sale by the trade.

Burlington Route

BEST LINE

CHICAGO AND ST. LOUIS

TO

DENVER.

Liebig COMPANY'S

Extract of Beef.

Do you want a cup of BEEF TEA? See that it is made from the GENUINE. Incomparably the best. Pure, palatable, refreshing. Dissolves clearly.

See Baron Liebig's

signature in blue

on each label, thus:

For Liebig



WE SELL DIRECT

and allow you the discount others allow to agents. Highest grade Safeties. Send 5c. in stamps for particulars and catalogue so leading makes. DIRECT DEALING CYCLE CO., Box 592, Baltimore

Established 1836.

Rae's

Sold by all first-class dealers.

Lucca Oil

Is unquestionably "The Perfection of Olive Oil."

The First Analysis in the World pronounces it Pure Olive Oil.

S. RAE & CO. - - - - - LEGHORN, ITALY.

NOTICE.

Owing to the extraordinary demand for the

CORROCCO TABLETS,

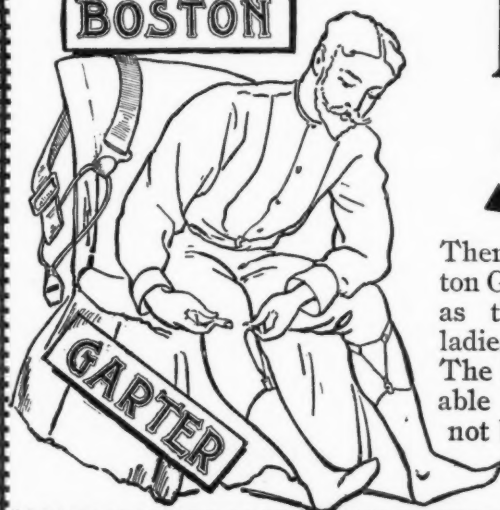
an imitation has been placed on the market. Smokers are requested to see that the signature of E. G. Lewis & Co. is on each box (never sold in bulk). Corrocco Tablets only contain the gum and pure charcoal; absolutely harmless in any quantity. A single tablet dissolved on the tongue after the day's smoking, will instantly remove all traces of the nicotine, cleansing the system, and relieving nervousness, sleeplessness, dyspepsia, and other disorders from smoking. With Corrocco in your pocket, smoke to your heart's content. Sample box by mail, 25 cts. At all druggists.

SO. AMERICAN CORROCCO CO.,
(Incorporated.)

110 Randolph St., Chicago. 78 Maiden Lane, N. Y. City.

DO YOU WEAR

BOSTON



Low Shoes

Then you must wear garters. The Boston Garter for gentlemen is as necessary as the Warren Hose Supporter for ladies. All gentlemen wear garters. The Boston Garter is the only comfortable garter, the only one which does not bind. Sold by men's outfitters everywhere. Made by George Frost Co., Boston.



GRATEFUL—COMFORTING. EPPS'S COCOA

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately-flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette*.

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pound tins, by Grocers, labelled thus:

JAMES EPPS & CO., Homœopathic Chemists,
London, England.

RAMBLER BICYCLES

"Best and Most Luxurious."

G. & J.

PNEUMATIC

TIRES.

PRACTICAL AND SIMPLE.

Catalogue Free.

Gormully & Jeffery Mfg Co.

221-223 N. Franklin St., CHICAGO, ILL.

178 Columbus Ave., BOSTON. 1325 14th St. N. W., WASHINGTON.

1709—1771 Broadway, NEW YORK.

Pears' Soap

Skin blemishes, like foul teeth, are the more offensive because they are mostly voluntary.

The pores are closed. One can not open them in a minute; he may in a month.

Try plenty of soap, give it plenty of time, and often; excess of good soap will do no harm. Use Pears'—no alkali in it; nothing but soap.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people are using it.

The words "Old Clothes made new," adopted and used by that enterprising Nashvillian, Mr. J. A. McEwen, seems to be becoming as celebrated a catch-phrase as "You press the button," etc., and others of like fame. And Mr. McEwen does make "Old Clothes new," as you will learn to your satisfaction by giving him a trial. Remember, like the distinguished Binghamtonian, "He pays the freight," both ways, too.

DUPLICATE WHIST

Rules of the game and price list sent upon application.

383 IHLING BROS. & EVERARD, Kalamazoo, Mich.

A SUMMER PLAY.

PLAYWRIGHT.—Talk about realism! I've hit it now. You can re-open your theatre next week.

MANAGER.—Such weather as this? The theatre is like an oven.

PLAYWRIGHT.—That's all right. I've laid the scene in Africa.—*New York Weekly*.

MARRIED MEN PREFERRED.

OLD EDITOR.—Where is Scribbler?

ASSISTANT.—Gone off to get married.

OLD EDITOR.—Well, I'm glad of that. He won't kick so about staying here nights now.—*New York Weekly*.

OF all the methods for capital punishment, the guillotine still takes the head.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

A SYNDICATE of cattlemen has a perfect right to water its stock.—*Texas Siftings*.

THE

TARIFF?

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS FROM PUCK.

An entirely new second volume of this eminently practical and useful work on the Tariff Question is now in preparation, and will be published on or about August 20th. This little book will prove a valuable aid to all who wish to inform themselves about the absurdity and flagrant injustice of our Tariff laws, and to those who desire to equip themselves with strong and unanswerable arguments on the Tariff question.

"THE TARIFF QUESTION," CARTOONS AND COMMENTS FROM PUCK; 32 pages, illustrated, will be for sale by all Newsdealers at 10c. per copy, or will be mailed by the PUBLISHERS OF PUCK, on receipt of price.



Non-Alcoholic. Strictly a Temperance Drink.

A perfect summer beverage prepared after our own special formula, from the waters of the famous "Manitou" effervescent springs, with an absolutely pure ginger extract obtained direct from the root. The sale of this article is increasing very rapidly on its merits. It is superior to the ordinary ginger. Also for all purposes that that article is used for. Try the "Manitou" ginger champagne once, and you will use it always. Unexcelled for Family, Club, Restaurant and Bar Uses.

Sold by all druggists and grocers.

Circulars sent on application to

MANITOU MINERAL WATER CO.,

MANITOU SPRINGS, COLO.

If the old saying, that "a man may be known by the company he keeps," is true, it is equally true that a business man's capacity and reliability may be at once summed up by reference to the clients in whose interest he is wont to labor. Before an investor begins to look for a competent person in whose hands he may with confidence entrust his affairs, he naturally goes to no inconsiderable trouble to discover the man's conservatism and honor. That the clientele of Mr. Lewis G. Tewksbury, Banker and Broker, includes business men and able investors, attests the fact that his reputation for conservative and reliable business methods is appreciated by the community at large, as well as by his associates in financial circles. Mr. Tewksbury's offices are at No. 50 Broadway and Nos. 41 & 43 New Street, N. Y. He has exclusive wires to Boston, Chicago, Providence and Washington, and has probably as large a wire connection through the country as any one in the business. Those having business in his line, will find it to their interest to place it in the hands of Mr. Tewksbury.

A BUSINESS HEAD.

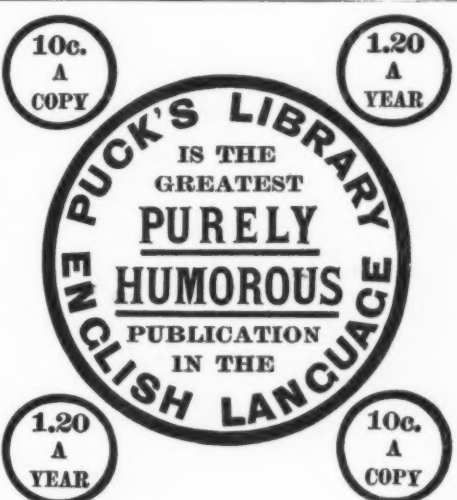
LADY.—I wish to get a birthday present for my husband.

CLERK.—How long married?

LADY.—Ten years.

CLERK.—Bargain counter, to the right.—*New York Weekly*.

USE glycerine with one-third rose water for rough hands. Some one should mark this and send it to the mill owners in Pennsylvania.—*Yonkers Statesman*.



THE more people become wrapped up in themselves the colder they grow.—*Texas Siftings*.

A FOOL thinks he is right because he can't see very far.—*Ram's Horn*.



ANHEUSER-BUSCH BREWING ASS'N. ST. LOUIS, MO., BREWERS OF FINE BEER EXCLUSIVELY.

Corn is a much cheaper article than barley malt. Corn beer is a drinkable beer, but it is a cheap, coarse beer. The brewers who make it make money on it, but the public are imposed on. The difference between corn beer and fine barley malt beer is the difference between corn bread and fine wheat bread. Of the first you can eat a little, never much, and it is not always certain to assimilate. The latter can be eaten all the time, day after day, year after year, and the result is perfect and exuberant health; it is sweet, wholesome, nourishing and invigorating. Of corn beer you can drink but little without a protest from the stomach, and the effect is a loss of energy, weariness, stupidity and drowsiness. The barley malt beer, however, is a sparkling, spunky, healthy, quickly assimilating drink, with a body and a character smacking and vigorous. Its effect is buoyant, refreshing and invigorating. ANHEUSER-BUSCH brands are absolutely free from corn or corn preparation. Nothing but highest grade malt and hops are used in its preparation.

Their motto is "Not how cheap but how good."

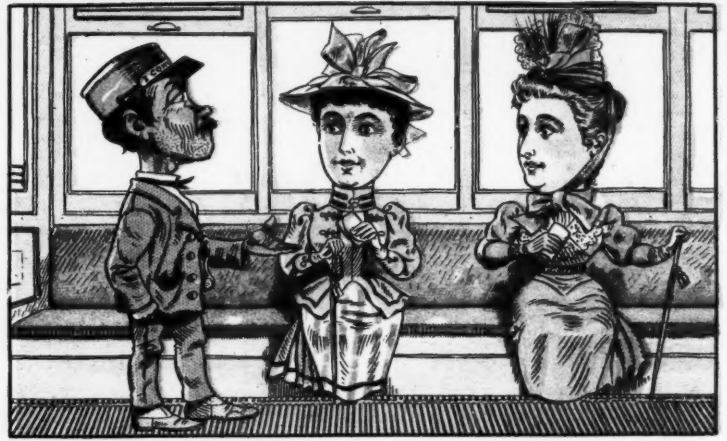
New York Depot, O. MEYER & CO., 105 Broad St.

BEATTY Piano. Organ. \$23 up. Want agents. Cat'g free. Dan'l F. Beatty, Wash'ton, N. J. 515

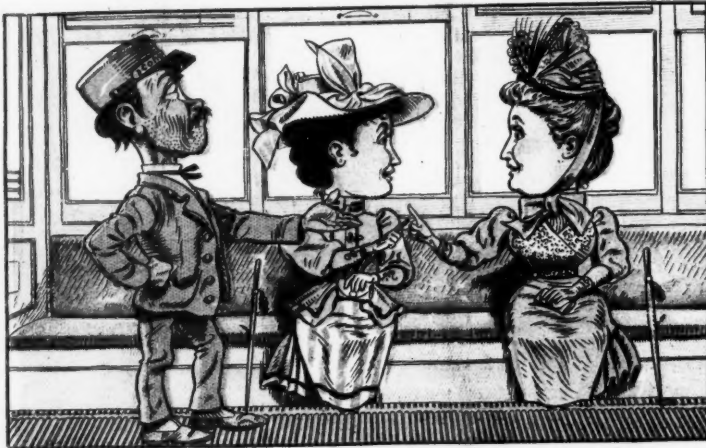
SMOKE TANSILL'S PUNCH 5c. CIGAR. 30 YEARS THE STANDARD. 383



MRS. GRINNE } Oh, I'm so glad to meet you! and you are going
MRS. BARRETT } my way, too.



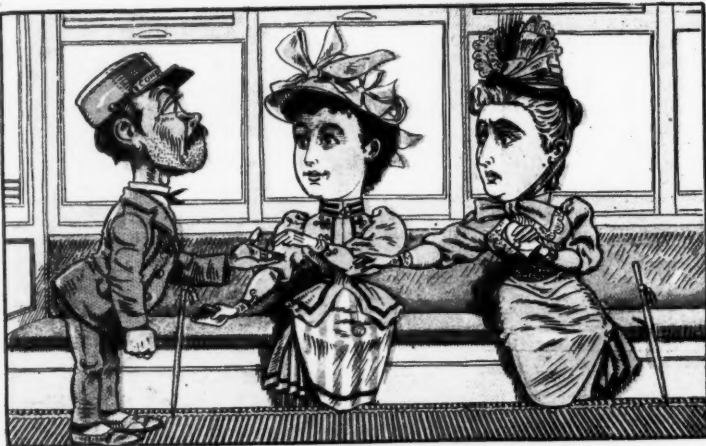
MRS. GRINNE } Well, as I live! There is the conductor waiting
MRS. BARRETT } for his fare, and I had forgotten all about it.



MRS. GRINNE.—Now, let *me* pay the fare.
MRS. BARRETT.—No, indeed! *I'm* going to do it.



MRS. GRINNE.—Well, I must *insist*, for I have the change right here.
MRS. BARRETT.—And I have two fives always handy.



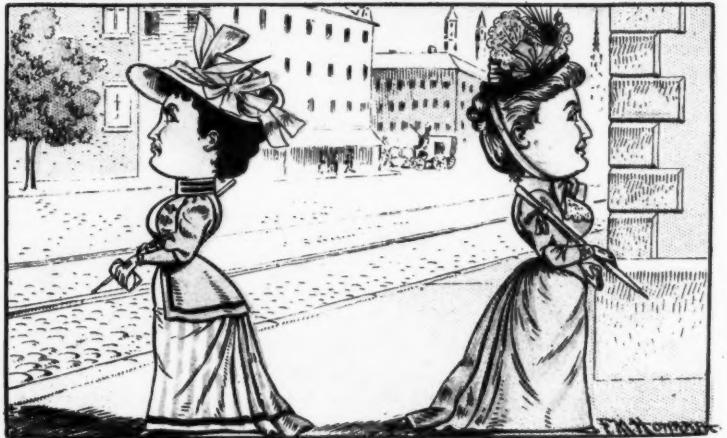
MRS. GRINNE.—Here is the fare, conductor—Oh, good gracious!
there! I've dropped it.
MRS. BARRETT.—This for both, conductor.



MRS. GRINNE.—You need n't growl, conductor. If the cars did n't
have these gratings on the floor you would n't have so much bother
in finding dropped money. Thanks.



MRS. GRINNE } So glad to have met you. We had a delightful
MRS. BARRETT } adventure; did n't we? Good-by, dear.



MRS. BARRETT (*going East*).—The mean thing. I know she just dropped
that money in order to make me pay her fare.
MRS. GRINNE (*going West*).—She tried her *best* to make me pay her fare,
but that *accident* happened at a fortunate time.